

Never Mess With A Furry Blue Genius

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Summary: The Hank and Bobby feud continues. ;) Sequel to "Tale Of The Last Twinkie."

Never Mess With A Furry Blue Genius

I didn't mean to churn out a sequel, honest! It's just that Ryan gave me an idea too good to pass up on, and I just couldn't help it! This will be the end, I swear!

Grateful thanks to Ryan Ledgerwood for the idea, and to Maggie the Cat for reminding me about Bulbasaur. Also millions of thanks to everyone for their wonderful feedback (love you lots! :)), and hundreds of apologies for the bad line-breaks before. Horrible computer, careless me, bad combination. Forgive me? :)

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He looked at the contents of the box again.

And again.

He took off his glasses, squeaked them clean, then put them back on. No change.

He rummaged to the bottom of the pile, but it was confirmed. They were all horribly, identically, repugnantly alike.

Low-fat Twinkies.

Hank had gotten low-fat Twinkies.

Robert Drake, code-named "Iceman", better known as Bobby when he was running around the mansion, better known as "YOU'RE DEAD!" when somebody was running *after* him around the mansion clutching a

butcher's knife. . . had gotten Hank low-fat Twinkies.

That was just plain evil. Twinkies were not meant to be low-fat. They were meant to be sinfully junk-food-ish. They were meant to be something a mother wouldn't give her child for breakfast on a regular basis. Stars and garters, if he had **wanted** something that was healthy and low-fat, he would have stored carrots in his food cupboard instead.

Of course, that would probably gain him some very odd looks from the others, seeing a huge furry blue creature munching on a crunchy orange carrot. Nibbling on it like there was no tomorrow. It would look like something from the Muppet Show and Bugs Bunny combined.

Bobby would pay for this, of course. It was only natural.

Evidently this was the man's way of getting back at Hank for the Pokemon wallpaper on Bobby's computer. Bobby had begged Kitty to get rid of it, but after the last time he'd tricked her into singing "Obladi Oblada" at the top of her voice when she'd gotten drunk at Harry's, she was quite satisfied to see him go mad from the "pika pika" noises emanating from the computer. In fact, she even intensified it. There was no way Bobby could switch on the computer without being barraged by the saccharine voices, and worse yet, Kitty had fixed it so that there was nothing - absolutely **nothing** - he could do to alter the display screen or the sounds. He was virtually confronted by hundreds of grinning Pikachus and scowling Bulbasaur every time he tried to check his e-mail.

Bobby had eventually taken to sleeping on the living room sofa because of the ensuing nightmares.

Hank closed the box in distaste and shoved it aside. Pity Bobby? Why no, why should he pity Bobby? The man had gotten him five large boxes of low-fat Twinkies! He hadn't even had the decency to insert a few Crunch bars here and there. "You see, they'll last for a **very** long time," Bobby had left behind in a note, "so you might as well snack healthily while you're at it. See what a caring friend I am?"

Monstrous.

Besides, Hank had tasted one, and it was yucky.

He tapped his chin and paced the lab, thinking. What to do, what to do. . .

The revving sound coming from Bobby's new car outside instantly gave him the answer.

"Please, Ororo? Just bring him out for the day, take him quite a good distance away from the mansion. Preferably on something that would antagonize him. . . like plant-shopping."

"Henry, are you implying that my purchasing plants for my greenhouse is boring?"

"Why, no, Ororo, of course not. It's just that Bobby does. Personally, I find your quest for the most exquisite flora highly engaging. . ."

"Henry, really, you and Robert can do whatever you want to each other, but please leave me out of it -"

"Pleeeaaase? That way you can also get back at him for what he said about your hair."

". . . What did he say about my hair?"

"Oh, it's nothing, really, he was just making a light joke. Nothing serious -"

"What did he say?"

"Well. . . just that you should try out some really nice hair colorants in the shade of mahogany or cornflower. He's of the opinion that Loreal would be a very good brand to use. He appears to think that white. . . well. . . has quite an aging effect on one so young as yourself."

". . . On the other hand, I'm sure Robert would benefit greatly from accompanying me on a good long plant quest. . ."

"Mmh. . . nggh. . . hello, Betsy. Lovely dress. Talk to you later. Unggh. . ."

". . . Hank, why are you carrying an entire car engine?"

"Oh, I'm taking it to Bobby's room. You see, he was a very bad boy, so this is payback. Mmff. . . I have to work fast, however, considering I only have slightly less than a day to complete the task."

". . . Carry on, then."

Bobby Drake was not a very happy man when he finally came home that evening. In fact, he was thoroughly miserable.

Well, it wasn't exactly possible to be happy when your arms are aching from carrying so much garden material all day. And everytime he tried to protest to Ororo, suggesting that maybe a shopping cart - or a truck - would be useful, she just looked at him **very** sweetly and said, "But my dear Robert, my plants require delicate handling. Surely a man as young and strong as yourself is capable of supplying that? After all, I am a gentle, **aging** woman with **white hair.**"

Needless to say, Bobby had kept his mouth shut and proceeded to suffer in silence.

Who could've told her that? Definitely the work of Hank. Or Remy. Or Rogue. Or even Logan -- that Canucklehead could be extremely devious sometimes, especially whenever his cigars got replaced by trick

exploding ones. Bobby had learned a very valuable lesson the last time he'd done that. He now gave a yawn and a groan at the same time, stretching himself and hearing a vertebra pop. *What I need now is a good long rest,* he thought wearily as he turned the doorknob, entering his room. *And I don't care if those Pokemons still inhabit my computer, I want my bed -*

He froze.

His car was in his room.

His car, his brand new car, shiny and intact, gleamed happily at him as if to say, "Welcome back!"

His bed, in turn, looked extremely rumpled and annoyed that its space was being crowded by the selfish white Saturn.

Bobby immediately glanced at the doorway, then at the vehicle. No, definitely not big enough. Even if the car had gone on a seven-month diet plan, it still wouldn't have fit through the door. Bobby rubbed his eyes, knocked the car's hood, even pinched himself to see if it was all an illusion. No such luck.

Just then a tiny note flapped at him from underneath the Saturn's windshield wiper. At first Bobby thought it was a parking ticket left over from yesterday, but as he neared it he recognized the writing. He quickly snatched it up and read the words:

Dear Robert, Since it appears that you adore your lovely new vehicle to such a great extent, I have decided to allow you the pleasure of having it in your own room. Now you can enjoy such delightful things with it in the privacy of your own space, to express your love for such a darling object. It would be wise to show me your gratitude -- disassembling the vehicle and then reassembling it in your room is no mean feat, but luckily, I happen to know which part goes where. Aren't you proud of me?

Your furry blue friend,

Hank

P.S. Perhaps this would be unnecessary, but I'd advise that you be very very nice to all of us in future. How else are you going to get your Saturn out of the room intact? Unless, of course, you try disassembling and reassembling it outside yourself, but far be it from me to imply that you don't know which part goes where. . .

Bobby put his head in his hands and let out a wail.

=End=

Maelstrom :)

Dance in Fields of Gold <http://homepages.go.com/~teentorque/index.htm>

End
file.